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POEMS

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POEMS







Louise Josephine Howe

POEMS

BY

LOUISE JOPLING ROWE



LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET

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TO
MY BEST FRIEND

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LA MIA APOLOGIA

FOR remembrance a printed word is better than a faded photograph, and if, when I am no longer here, some friend who loved me, open this little book, I feel that then I should not be really dead. I should live again in their memory.

A wise man of the East once said "Oh! that mine enemy would write a book!" and this ought to make one pause.

But then, I have no enemies. At least I am unconscious of them; so that for me they do not exist.

To my friends who read me, I owe an apology for the slightness of my work, but I know that they will remember that all my working hours have been given to that exacting mistress named Art, and that only as a relaxation I abandoned the brush for the pen.

I am especially proud to be able to have as a frontispiece the splendid work of my friend Sir John Millais; work that will rank in years to come, I venture to prophesy, amongst the best of the Old Masters.

LOUISE JOPLING ROWE.

POEMS

LUX E TENEBRIS

DAY dies; and Night, its mourner,
Wrapp'd in sombre robes of woe,
Enthrals us with the mystery
Of her mission here below.

Filling our souls with yearning
For a higher life than ours,
And crying still the warning
That our stay is but of hours.

I listen to her teaching,
And I rise to kiss her feet;
But from beside her, Memory
Comes, and chains me to my seat.

Unbidden rise before me
Mocking phantoms of the past:
They shiver me, they chill me
With the shadows that they cast.

LUX E TENEBRIS

Why should thy face for ever
Haunt and scare me with fierce eyes
Wild with the pain and mis'ry
Of despair's unuttered cries?

I know I wrong'd thee living.
Were thy death, too, at my door,
Thou, beholding my repentance—
Even thou wouldst spare me more.

And for ever shall the Night
Wipe with gentle hand the sign
Of the sin—and of the anguish—
From every face but mine?

I shriek unto the heavens,
And they send me back my cry;
The stars shine out and mock me
As they hear me ask to die.

What can I do or suffer,
What heavier burden bear?
To rid me of the presence
Of the nameless terror there?

Of eyes that once gazed fondly
Into mine, and found reply—
No, not those eyes—I know it—
'Tis a friend's own mockery:

Yet I strive and struggle vainly
 'Gainst its influence and might.
Who will save me from the terror
 Of this silence and the night?

.

Now, now, O God! I thank thee,
 Comes the brightness of the Day:
The hell-born shadows vanish,
 And my spirit dares to pray.

LINES TO —

I OFTEN wonder where we two shall meet,
By woodland, vale, or in the busy street.
Sometimes my heart is shaken when I hear
A sudden step of some one drawing near.
O love! what will you do? will your face change?
Or will your eyes meet mine with looks grown strange?
Can love then die? Within your mighty heart
Have I for ever lost a share, a part?
No, no, a thousand times! Love such as ours
Time cannot strangle; no, nor days, nor hours.
Deep in your heart the smould'ring passion stays
One breath of mine, it leaps into a blaze!
Our eyes have but to meet for each to know
That years have had no power, nor friend, nor foe,
One little touch of hands so long apart
Would send the life-blood throbbing to your heart.
The perfume of my hair across your cheek
Would rob you of your strength and make you weak.
What matter where we meet? I know, O friend,
That thus it shall be to the bitter end.
Our hearts are true, though both are bound by ties
We cannot break. Not that way duty lies.
Oft in the lonely chamber where I rest
I think of all the love we once possessed.

Do you remember, dear, the day we met?
 The glamour of it lingers round me yet.
 Without—the breath of Spring was in the air;
 Within—we knew it not—young love was there!
 Long time we passed in silence, then I spake;
 My voice the slumber of your heart did break.
 Its sound, you told me since, had power to thrill
 Your very being. Love, could it so still?
 I know not . . .
 Enough, what matters now, since you and I
 Are sundered farther than the earth from sky?

IN MEMORY OF SIR HENRY IRVING

DEAR noble fighter in the cause you loved,
Whose mailed hand was yet so softly gloved
Which, strong for foe, was stronger far for friend,
To whose great charity there was no end.
A worker broken down: 'twas yours to give
That helping hand that gave him heart to live.
Who that once saw you could forget your smile,
Its selflessness, its absence of all guile?
I see your entry in that other land:
Great Shakespeare greets you, holds you by the hand.
Oh! greater shrine than England's country boasts,
Your memory lives in Britain's countless hosts.
If "troops of friends" your spirit now can cheer,
Rest satisfied: the whole world holds you dear!

TO —

WHAT need is there to tell thee how,
Since Love and I are comrades now,
I face the world with radiant brow?
Thou knowest!

What need to say that day and night
Thine image glads my inward sight,
And makes my beating heart dance light?
Thou knowest!

Nor need I swear that, come what may,
I'll love thee, dear, with love alway,
Till Death meets Life on God's highway?
Thou knowest!

LET US REMEMBER!

LET us remember all the happy days
We spent together in Love's magic maze.
We lingered on the way. A smile, a sigh,
What need had we of words? Eye answered eye
Until the warm blood, pulsing fast with rush
Of fervid thoughts, suffused us with Love's flush.
Then sang our throbbing hearts with louder beat,
When closer, side by side, our hands would meet.
Let us remember!

Let us remember how our thoughts found speech,
For I was quick to learn, and you to teach.
It seems to me the skies were bluer then,
The Birds more sweetly sang. Within our ken
The Nightingale—ah! Love, the Nightingale!
Her tender sweetness made our cheeks grow pale,
And filled our eyes with strange and happy tears.
Could we forget? Ah! no. For all the years
We shall remember!

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE

AH! dearest one! If you could see my heart,
All torn and bleeding with Love's vivid smart,
You'd comfort me; you'd heal me of my ache,
If not for mine, then for Sweet Pity's sake!

Oh! do not think me weak, or overbold.
How can I live and see your heart grow cold
To me alone? For others all the flame
Of Love and Passion burning without shame!

And yet I am that She you found so fair
To pleasure whom was once your only care,
Until you won me. Irony of Fate!
'Tis I that love! And now 'tis you that hate!

Cruel? The Grave! Ah, no! a Friend most kind,
Soothing the broken heart, the maddened mind.
Dear God is good, and gives to all the chance
Of joining when we will Death's mazy dance.

TO A SICK FRIEND

HOW can I bear the sunshine without you?
The quiet stars; the silence of the night?
For nothing do I see but through your sight,
Your heart in cadence beats with mine so true.

Do not go yet; wait for a little while,
Life has more pleasures and delights to give.
Oh! stay, sweet Heart, and force your will to live,
The World would be so dull without your smile.

Can you not feel that I should wretched be,
Left stranded here upon this wintry shore?
And you—Were you to see me never more,
Could you be happy in Eternity?

Then, Dear, be satisfied with earthly love,
And leave the other to the saints above.

THE WILL OF THE MAD POET

I, NOW being sane, do will and devise
That these shall be given at my demise.

I give unto the children of all time,
The gladness of the morning in its prime;
The smiling fields which glisten in the Light
That radiant springs from out the arms of Night.
The song of birds; and, all the myriad sounds
That echo from the brooklet as it bounds
To join the rushing river in its race
To lose itself within the sea's embrace!
The singing of the lark at roseate dawn
Trilling a joyous welcome to the morn.
The fleecy clouds that chase o'er Heaven's blue,
Making the vault of a diviner hue;
The Shadows that chase after, without heed
Of buttercups, and daisies in the meed.

To little Babes, the Mother's lovelit eyes
Whose tenderness makes Earth a Paradise.

To Lovers shall I give their heart's delight;
The quiet spaces, and the silent Night.
Fair lilies, and the red rose of desire
That with sweet passion virgin souls inspire.

The twilight, and the glamour of the dusk,
And odours of white jessamine, and musk.
The sudden sobbing of the Night's sweet breath
When slowly sinking in the arms of Death.

To young men, all the dreams that come by day
Of Fame; and laurels plucked from out the fray
To lay before the feet of some unknown,
Some wondrous Fair that Fate would make his own.
And then to breast the world with valiant soul,
And courage high until he reach his goal.

To Mothers sweetest cooings in the nest
Her white arms make, close to her fragrant breast,
To see her babe, now satisfied a while,
Ope milk-wet lips, and give back smile for smile.

And to the Aged shall fair memories come,
And those of pain and sorrow shall be dumb,
And only love, and honour, hosts of friends,
To cheer them blithely to their nearing ends.

And for myself, in Hearts to live again
From which in life I banishèd all pain.

VERONA

THE glory of the Scaliger has passed,
The Capuletti, Montague, are naught;
Yet still two lovers hold their sway, all fraught
With breath of magic, whilst true love may last
Fair Juliet sleeps in old Verona's town,
The hapless victim of an ill-starred love.
Her soul as pure as any white-winged dove,
So brief a time she wore her marriage crown.
Luckless in life, so, in this little space
Thy rest is troubled by the vulgar herd,
Who desecrate thy tomb with foolish word
By this, to honour thy last resting-place!
Not thus shalt thou remembered be, O Sweet!
But by the lips of lovers when they meet.

SONNET

THE starlight stillness of the pensive night
Enfolds within its silent strong embrace
The lovesick Earth, moon steeped in silver light,
And Nature sleeps in peace. Ah! then your Face,
Your tender Face, with fond persistence gleams
Between me and the starry hosts above;
Your eyes recalled in my waking dreams,
Seem deepest wells of purest love.
Then at the midnight hour my spirit blest,
Within your circling arms its rest has found.
Your lips upon my lips so sweetly prest,
And heart and soul with yours are love-locked bound.
Thus in your absence you are with me still,
Nor time, nor space, your image e'er can kill.

HAD YOU BUT SPOKEN THEN!

THE World was Summer when we met
A radiant blue shone in our skies;
Our meeting hands scarce touched, and yet
The love-light flashing from your eyes
Awoke a flame within my heart!
Were future years within our ken,
We should not, love, have met to part,
Had you but spoken then!

I could have steeped your soul in bliss;
The secret stores of Love were mine.
All Heaven lay within my kiss,
The nectar'd draughts of Passion's wine.
Ah me! We wander different ways,
We know not where we meet, or when.
Oh, life were full of happy days,
Had you but spoken then!

DID I lose sight, I'd see thee none the less.
Within my inner vision, thy dear face,
And lovely form my solitude would bless.
The years would never rob them of their grace.

And were I deaf and could not hear the sound
Of that most perfect voice, yet I would know,
And feel the joy it gave to those around,
And in their joy my lonely heart would glow.

If I lay dead the smile upon my face
Would clothe the hidden anguish of my heart;
My heart, bereft of you, for e'en a space,
Would break itself in two, were we apart.

Ah! let Fate do her utmost as she may,
All change shall find me constant to your sway!

TO —

FELL in my hands, a pearl of price,
A clear white sheet of Indian rice,

Thy letter, Love!

The Characters thy hand has made,
Than ebon in pure Ivory laid,

Are better, Love!

Dear Message, coming from the South,
Could I receive, by word of mouth,

'Twere better, Love!

I press it to my lips, my breast,
Ah! there shall be its resting-place,

Thy letter, Love!

TO —

TO life once given there shall be no end,
And in my constant heart Love lives, dear friend;
There, in an inner chamber, sweet and fair
It grows, and thrives in my most tender care.

Sometimes I ope the door, with heartbeats fast,
And gaze upon the treasures of the past,
Which all are mine; which none can take away,
And in that well loved place, I ling'ring stay.

I stay, and smiling view the past again,
That past so full of joy, and bitter pain;
The pain has flown, and only joy remains,
So sings my heart a song of glad refrains.

Forgotten are the wrongs of love I bore,
And bitter thoughts are banished from my store;
The love note of your voice, your tender eyes,
Are all my world—since I am sadly wise.

I wonder, if in retrospect you know
How true I was, how strong my heart's full flow;
If so, do you not sometimes wish them back,
Those dear delights of which we had no lack?

THE GARDEN OF MY SOUL

CHRIST in the Garden of my Soul
Walked with me, hand in hand.
The flaming Poppies tossed their heads,
And glorified the Land.

Yet Christ said: "Why these gaudy flowers
Flaunting their varied hues?
They tell of Prejudice and Pride,
Of stubborn wilful views."

For Lilies then we vainly sought,
Few in that Garden grew,
"Their day was over," so folks said,
"The old gives place to new."

"This poison plant of Envy's growth,
That ripens in the shade,
See, what a dark, and hideous shape,
Upon the ground is laid."

"And all these rank and bitter weeds,
That choke the fair flower's growth,
Ah! Daughter!" sadly did he speak,
"These are the fruits of sloth!"

And to the farthest end we came,
Upon a barren plot
Where sunrays rioted all day,
A sweet and lovely spot.

THE GARDEN OF MY SOUL

"Is nothing planted here?" Christ said,
"Does this good ground go waste?
Ah! shameless Daughter, fetch your tools,
And till it in all haste!"

And pale, and sad, I wandered on,
By the dear Master's side.
I looked upon my Garden fair,
With now no glance of pride.

Then in a corner Christ espied
A pure white Rose of Love,
The splendour of its radiance shone
All other flowers above.

And from its breast a perfume stole,
A fragrance sweet and chaste,
"Ah! but for this," Christ smiling spake,
"Your Paradise were waste!"

Then in the Garden of my Soul
The Birds sang loud and strong,
And happiness and joy awoke
In answer to their song.

For Christ had found the flower of Love,
What mattered all beside?
Greater than this no other is,
For Love Christ lived and died!

THE FAREWELL

THEY tell me that this fleeting breath
Must soon, Love, pass away,
And I have wept, for life to me
Has been one Summer day.
Oh! I shall never see again
All that my heart holds dear,
The Birds, the Flowers, my Mother's grave,
I leave behind me here.

And, thou too, whom my soul adores,
On Earth we'll never meet.
I feel afraid to die alone,
With thee, it would be sweet.
I know 'tis wrong to murmur thus
'Gainst God's divine decree,
But Life is sweet unto the young,
And, I am leaving thee!

My image from that fond true heart,
Ne'er let it fade away—
My breath grows short—I have forgot
Half what I wished to say.
Pray God above, oh! plead for me,
That we may meet on high.
'Twas wrong, perhaps, to love so well—
Ah! Kiss me, Love—I die.

OH! LISTEN, LOVE, TO ME

O H! Listen, Love, to me! Of you I sing,
With dear name I make the echoes ring.
Where'er I go I see you everywhere,
There is no secret place, but you are there!
I close mine eyes, and then mine ears rejoice
In sounds of water: for I hear your Voice!
Oh! Listen, Love, to me!

In flaming colour of the Sun-kissed clouds,
I find your Hair, that your pale Face enshrouds.
That pure pale Face that does the Moon outshine,
With inner radiancy of Love divine!
The South Wind is your Breath, whose fragrant Scent,
With thyme, and lavender, and musk is blent.
Oh! Listen, Love, to me!

"Forget me not" your Eyes, and your sweet Lips,
Sweeter than honey that the brown Bee sips.
Your Feet are Lilies in their perfect white,
And when you move, it is the Swallow's flight.
The warmth of Summer Sun is in your Smile.
Ah! Joy for me to bask therein awhile!
Oh! Listen, Love, to me!

Ah! sometimes I am sad, and filled with fears,
For when the soft Rain falls, I see your Tears,
Then anguished pray I, that the Gods avert
All Grief and Pain that would your Body hurt,
Yet, if it must be so, then, grant this grace,
Dear God! that I might suffer in her place!

Oh! Listen, Love, to me!

A LINK

WE two are one; yet, you and I
Are farther than the Poles apart
Although between us is a tie
That ought to bind us heart to heart.

The Babe that smiles upon my knee,
I wonder, when he comes to think,
If he will know, that only he
Was 'twixt us two the single link.

I'm glad because I cannot trace
A look of yours; or, single sign
Of Fatherhood in his sweet face,
For then I deem him wholly mine.

'Twas I that bore him 'neath my heart,
Long days, and nights of loving ache;
You in the Birth throes had no part;
Alone I suffered for his sake.

And yet, through you, I've known the bliss,
The joy Maternity can give;
Who knows? Perhaps, the thought of this,
May bind us closer whilst we live.

UNNAMEABLE! For ever, everywhere,
Whose dwelling house is Space, whose servant
Time.

Why should we localize thy Spirit's place,
And call it sometimes Heaven, and sometimes Hell?
Forgetting that amongst the thousand Worlds
Poor Mother Earth but takes the seventh rank.
"God made the Stars." Has each a Heaven then,
And each a Hell? Does God repeat the sin
Of killing Innocence to save the souls
Of Men sent here in pristine ignorance?
Oh! coward Hearts, who first conceived the thought
Of letting others suffer for your sake!

"Ask, and ye shall have!" Why all this pother?
Does God not give without beseeching then?
Think of a Mother waiting to be asked
To give her milk to little hungry lips!
Is God less generous than a Mother?
Oh! Infinite! Forgive our foolish thoughts of Thee!

Why should mere Mortals praise Omnipotence,
Like Savages appeasing Devil Gods?

Dust that we are, what right have we to dare
To laud, and criticize Creator's work?
Is God a Man with nothing else to do
But lend an ear to all our selfish cries?
Cries of "Dear Lord, do this; dear Lord, do that,"
"If not for my sake, for Thy dear Son's sake"?
Can God be bribed then? Can perfection err?
Oh! foolish people, what a God you make,
In your own likeness! A mere fleshly God
Swayed by the self-same passions, Love and Hate,
Whom you can praise or damn, as suits your case.
If Angels be, and wait about the Throne
We put Him on, how they must crack their sides
With laughter loud at the huge joke called Man!
At Man who dares to ask a God to fight
His other children for his benefit!
Oh! the sad humour of it!

For if, within our souls, we really think
The God we worship be omnipotent,
What need is there to prompt as if he were
A foolish Actor who'd forgot his part?
Could He go wrong? Ah! no! He were no God
Worthy our reverence, if this were so.
And if He be, then leave it all to Him,
And let God do His work in His own way,
And we in ours be Gods ourselves.
Be kind to one another, help the weak.
Do well the Duty nearest to our hand.

For all this seeking for Eternal Life
Is but of self, a longing of the flesh,
To put our lives, and our small petty wants,
Before the cry of suffering Brotherhood.
Let us no longer wear our finite brains
To wonder what we are, and whence we go,
Nor waste our strength in fruitless argument.
The Future lies in God's hands, not in Man's.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

STRETCHED on the bed of suffering I lay,
As weak and helpless as a new-born child;
Strength from my limbs seemed ebbing fast away,
I felt it leave me, still I only smiled.

So changed was I! Once had come upon me,
Great tremblings when on Death a thought I gave,
Now longed for him to set my spirit free,
To join my Mother in the silent grave.

No single pang of sorrow did I feel
At leaving those I fondly loved behind;
I felt a numbness o'er my senses steal,
And cherished hopes I willingly resigned.

Then at that moment Memory arose,
With clearest light presented my past life,
Each sinful thought and act before me rose,
And pricked my Conscience sharper than a knife.

I saw with shame how talents God had giv'n
To be improved were wasted, misapplied;
'Gainst temptation little had I striven,
But yielded passively, and only sighed.

And as I gazed a fearful shuddering
Crept o'er me. Methought I heard a voice say
"What shall th' account be like that thou wilt bring
Unto thy Maker on the Judgement Day?"

Ah! Then I felt afraid to die! A prayer
That I might live ascended up on high,
To expiate the past, my soul prepare
For its celestial home above the sky.

THE BETRAYER

YOU found me pure, and innocent, and fair;
In years a child, and with no thought of care.
God-fearing, trusting; with a heart of praise
For all the joyousness of Youth's bright days.

And then you came; with subtle art did fire
My young imaginings with Love's desire.
You taught me Passion's all compelling will
Life's Morning with enchanting dreams to fill.

And then you left me: ruined; desperate,
Oh! double-dyed Betrayer! to my fate.
What am I now? A thing so vile, and mean,
No blood of holy Saint could wash me clean.

Could I with Curses damn your feeble Soul,
I'd willingly lose mine, and deem the whole
Of God's Eternity poor price to pay
For power to wreak His Vengeance, and repay.

A REMINISCENCE

HOW calm, and stilly beautiful the eve,
When first thou whispered to my ravished ear
The thrilling words that took a tone so low,
It seemed as if my heart alone could hear.

And yet, with all the magic of the scene,
The faint stars glimmer, and the murmuring Sea,
All in that moment seemed to fade away,
For then I saw, felt, but only thee!
I saw but only thee, when thy dark eyes
Gazed with a longing look in mine.
I heard but only thee, for my rapt soul
Hung on each dear and tender word of thine.

And then I felt but thee! when to thy heart,
In one long, wild embrace you pressed me;
While on my cheek and lip thy warm kiss fell,
Love, deep, intense, reigned in my breast for thee!

THE HAPPY MORN

O H ! Star of Faith in Eastern skies,
Whose coming bade good men arise,
And kings to bring gifts from afar
To where shone bright the steadfast Star
(Whose light will shine, whate'er may hap)
Upon the Babe on Mary's lap!

For Priests of old had prophesied,
That to a Maiden not yet Bride
A Saviour of the World should come,
Unheralded by reed or drum,
(The light shines on, whate'er may hap)
The holy Babe on Mary's lap!

The watching Shepherds saw the light,
And left untended through the night
Their wand'ring flocks to bow the knee
And tender homage full and free
(The light will shine, whate'er may hap)
To kingly Babe on Mary's lap!

His coming brought not peace but strife,
Each man against his neighbour's life!
The name of Jesus called on high
Became a bloody Battle cry.
(The light will shine, whate'er may hap)
Ah! little Babe on Mary's lap!

The tender Mother doomed by Fate
To see the victim of men's hate
Expire upon the cruel cross,
Unknowing of her future loss,
(The light will shine, whate'er may hap)
Smiles on the Babe whilst in her lap!

Ah! woe is me! The Sermon taught
Upon the Mount, with wisdom fraught,
Is lost, forgotten, whilst men search
For dross, and his dear Name besmirch
(The light shines on, whate'er may hap)
Who lies a Babe on Mary's lap!

They know not what they do, dear Lord,
Forgive their slighting of thy word,
And let the ages still unborn
Be mindful of that happy morn
Whose light will shine, whate'er may hap,
Which saw the Babe on Mary's lap!

TO —

WOULD you care, dear love, if you knew,
That as Stars on a wintry night,
My dreams and my mem'ries of you
In my life are the sole things bright?
For I muse on a Summer's eve,
When your lips first trembled on mine,
And your eyes wore a tender look,
Like a Saint's at a holy Shrine,
Alas! and alas! oh! my Love,
Your Face was too fair to be true.
For Men such as I, I am glad
That Women like you are but few.

You took from my soul all its joy,
And rifled my heart of its youth;
Because that one Woman was false,
I think that in none there is truth.
Yet, Dear, did I know where you were,
The thralldom of Love is so sweet;
A look from your passionate lids
Would bring me again to your feet.
Alas! and alas! oh! my Love,
Though faces less fair are more true;
I find—and oh! me! I am glad,
No Woman on Earth like to you.

THE YOUNG BRIDE

HE told her all; he open'd to her view
The blackened pages of his dark career.
She shed no tear, but from her heart the dew
Of Youth was gone, and left it dried and sere.

The blinding scales from off her eyelids fell.
She saw him as he was, crime-stained within,
Yet still unchanged to him she loved so well,
She prayed to God to cleanse his soul from Sin.

God granted her prayer, but at the cost
Of her young life, just budding in its Spring.
Gladly she laid it down for him, the lost,
To gain redemption from th' Eternal King.

She lay upon her deathbed, and at last
The stubborn heart was touched, he bowed his head,
A Prayer, the first to God! his pale lips passed.
She, smiling, heard, with joy her spirit fled.

A LAMENT

AS some lone traveller in a weary land
Is suddenly encompassed by the night,
No ray of moon, nor stars, nor friendly hand
Is there, to guide his failing footsteps right.

High on the stilly air he sends a cry,
Haply to reach a passing stranger's ear;
Silence now ghostly is his sole reply,
Blindly he stumbles on the pathway drear.
So I, bereft of my life's kindly sun,
Am 'wilder'd in the shadow great Death casts,
Stretch out vain hands—Alas! Beloved one,
No shelter can I find from sorrow's blasts.

So now I pray that Death will set me free,
To find the way to Paradise and Thee!

GENERAL GORDON

(KILLED 26 JANUARY 1885)

ILL-FATED Rumour clad in Death's pale guise,
Utters a sound our hearts slow credence give ;
Gordon is dead ! O Englishmen, arise !
He's dead, and bitter shame ! His Murderers live.

No holy rites of burial they gave,
No solemn march, or pibroch's accents wild ;
No people's tears were shed upon his grave,
His eyes unkissed by tender wife or child.

Yet here we mourn our gallant Hero dead,
Our souls with bitterness and anguish filled,
Lie stricken for the mighty spirit fled,
Whose great heart Death, his only Conqu'rer, stilled.

Thy death shall be avenged, Great Britain's Son !
Be hers the righteous task, dear Lord, Thou know'st,
Since when the World began, no greater one
Can Mother's heart, or Earth, or Heaven boast !

SONG

A CROSS the East came a bar of Gold,
The Sun rose up o'er the main.
"Move swiftly, Sun! Ere thy course be run,
I shall see My Love again."

The Star in the Heavens paled and fled,
My heart felt still and at rest.
"Ere black-browed Night shall render thee bright,
My Love shall lie on this breast!"
The Ship neared shore, and high in the air
A Crescent rose like a Dove.
"Oh! kindly Moon! Not an hour too soon
To kiss the lips of my Love!"

And down by the water's edge stood she,
A slim, sweet slip of a girl.
"The Crown of Life is a Sailor's Wife!
Better than rubies and pearl!"

TO —

THE bright dream 's fled ; it could not last,
It was too wildly passionate.
We lov'd too well, though now 'tis past,
I cannot bring my soul to hate.

I spend my days in thinking o'er
The happy hours of thrilling bliss
I've passed with thee. Ah ! Nevermore
This cheek will burn beneath thy kiss.

You lov'd me once. Forget it not
Whene'er thy spirit thinks on mine.
My frailties, in pity, blot,
From out the pale of Memory's shrine.

With the brief dream my passion died.
But from its ashes there arose
A calmer love, which will abide
Until I in the dust repose.

And when I pray, I murmur still
Thy name with those I love so well.
Oh ! doomed to part by Fate's stern will,
I find it hard to say " Farewell."

And when my Sun of Life is set,
And I am nothing but a name,
I cannot tell thee to forget,
One soft sad tear I wish to claim.

THE GALLANT BUTTERFLY

A BRIGHT and gallant Butterfly
Sought the Flowers to flutter by.
“We’ll live and love this Summer day,
“Life is short!” sang the Lover gay.

Half hid in leaves, just in his sight,
A Violet caught his fancy light;
“Come out, dear maid, and let us play,
“Life is short!” said the Lover gay!

The pale Rose blushed a rosy red,
As on her dewy sweets he fed;
“Oh! Love with me a little stay!”
“Life’s too short!” sang the Lover gay!

The Lily bared her snowy breast,
To tempt her Lover there to rest.
He lingered yet, he flew away,
“Life’s too short!” sang the Lover gay!

“Forget-me-not” in tender wail
Besought him with a piteous tale;
He kissed her tears, then off away!
“Life’s too short!” said the Lover gay!

A breath of Winter, where is he?

Alas ! no longer fair to see.

He has forgotten Love's sweet way,

"Life's too short!" sighed the Lover gay.

TO —

AH! happy Traveller flying South,
Upon the wings of Pleasure,
For me no longer word of mouth,
But letters in your leisure.

The halcyon skies above your head
Give naught but sunny weather,
And Cares that used to weigh like lead,
Are lighter than a feather !

The gloom of Winter's discontent
Is all that lies before me,
Dark sunless days of sad intent,
With no one to adore me!

Yet stay! I hear the thrush's song,
That tells me Spring is nearer,
And though your absence may be long,
It makes you all the dearer !



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